

THE GOBLER'S WAIL.

ERB on one foot upon the gray rail-post. I stand and look my old eye-glasses through. Knowing full soon I must give up the ghost. To make a holiday feast, without ado; And oh, Bismillah, I am feeling blue— For in a morning paper I have found That first-class turkeys now bring eighteen cents per pound!

What though the landscape bright about me lies? What though the sun its golden nectar spilla? What though the crow in number beauty flies Into the purple glory of the hills? My old anatomy has got the chills; I know that soon I'll be stuffed full of sage, And that it will my tears below the printed page.

My wattle soon will light the old ash-heap; My platoon soon will make a kitchen brush. A subtle sadness sets me all a-creeper. Here in the bosom of the twilight hours I see the beautiful maid in crimson plush Laugh at the feast in most exultant tone. While with young Thingumbobs she snaps my frail wish-bone.

This growing milk, and I can read no more. Good-bye, my wifes and progeny, good-bye! Soon shall I lightly swing on yonder door, Announcing that Thanksgiving Day is nigh. The cranberries are plucked, the pumpkin pie Blooms like a full-blown tiger lily-bell; Alas, alas, alas! alas! farewell!

—Puck!

BESSIE.

Thanksgiving Story in Two Chapters.

[Written for This Paper.]

CHAPTER I.

TO-MORROW would be Thanksgiving. Yes, and plain John Anderson finished his toilet with a sigh.

He was not handsome; of course not; plain people never are. So it must have been the soul shining in his face that attracted Muriel Trowbridge to his side as more than a friend on her first visit to Folly Mill farm.

But that was years ago, and to-night that almost feminine sweetness had been transformed into an expression indicating heartache.

It hadn't all come about just to-night, but this evening it seemed that the same of sad disappointment had been reached.

John looked at his face as reflected in the mirror and a strange, yearning questioning came into the misty gray eyes involuntarily.

"Yes," he said, slowly, as if in answer, "I am growing old; there's a tinge of gray already in my hair, and I am only thirty-eight. It is not always years that weigh one down."

That was as far as John Anderson generally went along this line of soliloquy. The unspoken surged back to his heart where the altar fires burned steadily to shattered idols.

To be sure he had never loved but this once, yet it would be the last, for no other image should ever be placed on the pedestal sacred to her memory. Mysteriously and in an unexplainable manner she had gone out of his life on Thanksgiving night some four years previous; but he kept the light of hope burning in the windows of his soul for her return, for Muriel was Muriel still.

Sister Bessie had no patience with his "moping"; but then he thought she had never had such experiences, and that accounted for her lack of sympathy.

The broad acres of Folly Mill farm bordered the sea, and the pleasant, roomy villa seemed so lonely now since that memorable summer.

It didn't seem a great while ago, yet the years had drifted away and now to-morrow would be another anniversary.

It would be vastly different, however, from that one when parlor and hall were filled with merry groups, and the long tables were set in the great dining-room to hold the display of Bessie's Thanksgiving dinner.

And what a chattering there was! He should always remember it, and how happy he was with her so near and dear to him.

To-morrow they would come home from services in the old white chapel just below the farm, and eat their dinner in the little breakfast-room adjoining the kitchen—he and Bess—solitary and alone; would it be Thanksgiving?

John shut his lips tightly and the lines of patient suffering deepened about his mouth.

Muriel Trowbridge was a blue-eyed, fair-haired, dainty little woman with the sweetest smile and most musical voice that ever came from a woman's throat.

"GOING OVER TO THE VILLAGE?" SHE ASKED.

voice John Anderson had ever seen. And on the Thanksgiving Day before she went away they had walked across the brown and wind-swept meadows together and talked of friends and friendships, and she had grown quite serious, for as he talked he felt her hand tremble on his arm and noted the changing color on her fair face.

In the cold, dull gloaming he had left her at her uncle's door with his first warm, passionate kiss on her lips, but he had never seen her since. And was it not curious that he could thus drop out of her life and she not mind? John remembered how happy they both were that night, and felt that it was a dark page turned down over that golden-lettered one that not a ray of love's sunshine had ever been able to pierce its gloom.

"I want you to visit me, certainly,"

she had said in answer, "and shall write you when to come as you desire." Then added, after a moment's hesitation, "about the holidays look for a letter of invitation."

Well, John Anderson walked on all until the time of the expected letter. People remarked how bright-looking he had grown to be; he could hardly be called "plain John" any more. But as one of the mothers of the neighborhood who had marriageable daughters, guessing at the reason of this change, were cruel enough to wish that he might never hear from that "city flirt" again.

And the years rolled on, and the letter never came. The envious matrons were satisfied, and the girls of Folly Mill society nodded and smirked, but plain John Anderson grew plainer and farther away.

Once, only once, Bessie had grown cross and said hard things. He was speaking of his great passion for music and his longing for higher aspirations than to only sow and reap and nothing more; and she had reminded him that he had "tried once" to fly higher than his homely wings allowed of.

Winning under this sore thrust, he never mentioned the subject so near to his heart again.

Well, he must go to the village to-night. Of course they wouldn't have any guests to-morrow, but he and Bessie generally received Thanksgiving letters, and she set so much by getting them the night before. "Thank-offerings" she called them.

Going quietly down-stairs and shutting the hall door noiselessly behind him, he saw his care-line face intently. Something she saw there appealed to her sisterly affection. She put her arms about her brother's neck and whispered, brokenly: "Never mind, John; it will be all right by and by."

"Bess, pities me!" almost sobbed the great, strong man, as the wicket clicked behind him and he turned into the orchard path.

Perhaps Thanksgiving memories had been crowding in on Bessie's heart; perhaps the thoughts of something sacred, of which John never dreamed of, a ring and a promise unfulfilled, had something to do with the caress under the gray November skies.

CHAPTER II.

It wasn't far to the village, just over there beyond the little white church where the little white church played the Thanksgiving anthem.

And he would walk across the meadows; he wanted to be alone with neither beast nor bird to see. Out there beyond the hills the sunset burned and flared like a huge bonfire against the November sky, and the winds tossed the dead leaves about his feet with a shivering moan. The sleepy quip piped in the stubble in a monotonous way, but John Anderson didn't mind.

When he came to the stile he sat down to dream a bit. Somehow Bessie's parting words, together with the western glows, lighted up his twilight hour amazingly.

His eyes wandered away to the great white farm-house showing up through the shadowy valley. Yes, she loved music, Muriel did, and sang so sweetly. Hark! Was that a little melody she used to sing coming up across the brown, deserted meadows? No, it was only a memory, and he remembered that she was sitting alone on the stile in the gray, cold twilight of Thanksgiving Eve.

Bessie went slowly into the house after she heard the wicket shut behind her brother and knew that he was on his way to the village. She did not return to the sitting-room fire and the book she had been reading, however; no, she went directly upstairs, took a box from her secretary and, going over to the window in the gloaming, sat down.

"May be Ashley is dead," she said, sadly, "may be the Indian maid went down somewhere with all on board, as was rumored; may be it did."

The ring gleamed faintly in the dusky light as she put it on her finger. "Be true, Bessie, be true," the bit of paper said. "I shall always remember that my love is waiting for me with a heart as true as the stars."

Bessie didn't read the crumpled note to-night. There was no need; she knew every word by heart long ago. For six long years they had lain, the note and the promise, waiting their verification.

After a few minutes' thought Bessie returned to the window to their hiding-place, and, brushing away a few tears bravely and hopefully, went down stairs to wait for John and the letters.

Up the well-worn pathway leading toward the valley home came a pair of light, flying feet; but John Anderson did not go so he kept dreaming.

By and by a lady wanted to pass. He rose and stepped aside, hat in hand. For a moment the woman paused on the stile, and then, with a glad cry of recognition, fluttered right into his arms. "O John!" and Muriel Trowbridge buried her face on her lover's breast.

"Muriel," said he, rapturously; "my long-lost love!"

She was away from guardy," she said, in a frightened tone, clinging to him. "I was so afraid I shouldn't find you. O dear!"

If there was anything more required to unstring John Anderson's self-possession, it was Muriel's tears, as she ended her little confession with sobs.

"He was opposed to your loving me and wouldn't let you write; and so you ran away and came back to poor, faithful John?" he said, caressing her.

"Yes," came the answer between the sobs. "Guardy wishes me to marry his nephew, and he looks me with to Europe to make me forget you, he said. But I won't wed Tom Walton, never!"

"No," said John. "You'll marry plain John Anderson if you choose and no man on earth dare interfere."

Then he kissed the tear-stained face, and all the pain went out of his heart as he whispered something in her ear which dried the tears and prompted a little rippling laugh, something like that long-silent world of his.

And Bessie waited and waited. Twice

see went down to the wicket and listened for John's coming, but only the cold winds talked of coming desolation in the naked boughs overhead. "He always comes before nine o'clock," she said, tearfully; "but to-night, of all nights, he is so late, poor brother!"

The old clock on the stairs struck ten and, listening, Bessie heard footsteps and voices. A great lump came into her throat—"It couldn't be Ashley?"

"Bess, this is my wife, Muriel," exclaimed John a moment later, his face shining with joy as he pushed the blushing Muriel into her sister-in-law's arms.

It was all so sudden and unexpected for poor, lonely-hearted Bessie. She had been thinking of other and sadder things, and the turning of the tide as it set toward sunnier shores made her heart dumb.

It was not Ashley; not the wanderer from over the sea, but then it was another lost love and John was happy!

A strange feeling crept over Bessie Anderson. She put one arm around the fair bride and held the other out imploringly toward her brother.

"John," she gasped, with white, quivering lips, "I'm glad for you and Muriel; but it's all so sudden—so sudden. If you will excuse me I will go to my room for awhile."

She turned away and went upstairs, leaving the way to two standing in the middle of the room.

In a moment John tipped over her; he could not bear this. "Forgive me!"

want of thought, Bessie," he pleaded; "I didn't think you cared so much."

"I am glad for you," she said, in a voice that seemed any thing but glad; "real glad, John, but—"

"Here are letters," interrupted her brother, thinking she intended to refer to Muriel's seeming neglect of him; "some thank-offerings, Bessie."

She took the mail from his hand with trembling fingers and passed up the staircase with a face as pale as death.

"O, dear!" murmured John, as he joined his wife below. "I didn't think she'd feel that way about it!"

"Brother is happy and why not?" questioned Bessie, as she lighted a taper and turned the key in the door. Tears plashed down on the letter she opened. O, it was such a glad yet such a miserable Thanksgiving Eve. She hoped there might be good news in the well-filled sheet.

"Why! whose handwriting—why, who?" Then, for quiet Bessie Anderson, she acted a little strangely. She rose, walked across the room a time or two before she read the missive. After that she gathered up the other letters unopened and put them away in an abandoned manner. With a far-away happy light coming across the tear-stained face the overjoyed girl knelt down by the window in the moonlight and whispered: "I thank Thee, Father. To-morrow will indeed be Thanksgiving."

Going over to a bureau presently she opened a drawer and took up a long, filmy white veil, shaking out its folds and sending a cloud of quaint perfume through the apartment. Then with a smile she lifted from its resting-place a beautiful silken gown, smothered in a marvel of stary lace, and laid it over the chair nearest her.

As if by programme, Bessie went from one loving care to another until she slipped the gleaming circlet on her finger and went down-stairs to welcome Muriel.

With such a happy light in her eyes that John felt his heart bound in response, she repeated: "I am so glad for you, both of you," nodding to them.

"I hope you will forgive me for being so strangely overcome. You did surprise me so."

"Of course," said John.

"Certainly," said Muriel, a little mystified.

In the morning Bessie put her hand on her brother's arm, saying: "We had a wedding to-day, too, if you don't mind."

"John—who?"

"John looked down into the blushing face and received a revelation from the tell-tale eyes before the whispered confession.

"Bessie and Ashley," she said; and then he remembered the handsome Ashley Wingate who sailed in search of a fortune so long ago that he had almost forgotten.

"Why, Bess, I didn't know."

"I didn't either until last night," smiled she; "he's coming to-day."

"And you never let on," said John, reproachfully.

"One happiness at a time," answered Bessie.

And so it happened that when John Anderson went to the village to telegraph Muriel's marriage to her guardian, he met the handsome, sun-bronzed traveler, Ashley Wingate.

"Hello! old fellow," cried he, "rose from the dead?"

"O, no! only wrecked and picked up after awhile," answered the other. "Is Bessie—?"

"Waiting? Well, of course she is. She's true or she would not be an Anderson," and John confided the telegram to Ashley.

"Romance upon romance!" exclaimed Wingate. And so it was, to the delight of the Folly Mill gossips as well as the happy quartet.

So, after all, the day which was expected to be the anniversary of sorrow and heartache turned out to be the happiest, most thankful Thanksgiving imaginable.

And Ashley Wingate purchased the lovely Dixie place in the valley, and Bessie Bessie gave a home as beautiful as wealth and love can make it, while John and Muriel remain at Folly Mill farm.

—Manda L. Crocker.

—Cheery hearts and smiling faces,
—Gentle speech and ways,
—Make a cloudy, dull Thanksgiving
—Sunniest of days.
—Youth's Companion

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

MANURE.

The Best Methods of Making, Saving and Applying It.

It is an all-important point in the saving of manure, says the Ohio Farmer, so that enough be left to absorb all of the liquid manure, for there is where the greatest waste of manure occurs. The solid manure is nearly always saved, but a large part of the liquid manure is allowed to go to waste, and often because the value of it is not properly understood. Of these hints have been much written and said on the subject that almost every intelligent farmer understands its value. I was more fully impressed with its value when I took up an old stable floor a few years ago. There were two or three loads of worn-out straw, chaff and dried manure, all of it so dry and light it was difficult to load on account of the wind blowing it away; to all appearance it was not worth more than a few cents worth of manure at the time. We spread this manure on the same field, but not near as much as we had done before. It was almost twice as heavy, and the grass where it was applied always lodged as long as it was in meadow. Since then I have doubled my efforts in trying to save all the liquid manure.

I think straw and chaff a little the nicest for bedding, when it is had, as they are dry and generally most convenient; but leaves, muck, sawdust and shavings will answer the same purpose. Yards where stock is allowed to crowd the stock too much, and then the manure will not be washed so much by the rain and will be easier to gather. Where stock is allowed to run to a stack in the yard, the litter around the stack should be kept spread over the yard and kept as near level as possible, and if any thing, have the lowest spot in the center. I think a good plan to allow the hogs to run in the yard, as they will keep it from getting tramped so hard, and the straw will rot faster.

It will surprise those who have never tried this plan to see the amount of straw that can be worked into manure. In this connection I should like to call the attention of farmers who keep sheep to the importance of keeping them well bedded with clean straw. I am quite sure that the benefit from the manure can be nearly doubled and the only trouble will be to keep the stables cleaned often, so as not to let the manure ferment, as it would be unhealthy for the sheep.

As a common practice is to let sheep run without bedding at all and never clean the stables until they want to use the manure; then they have to use a pickaxe or spade to dig the manure up, and it comes out in great chunks, difficult to spread evenly. If they were kept bedded and the stables cleaned, the manure would be as easy to spread as other manure, and there would be double the amount of it.

It is a good plan to have the stable floors as nearly water-tight as possible, in order to keep the liquid part of the manure where it can be absorbed by the bedding or dipped up and turned over the pile.

Hang the Hogs.

An easy way to hang up the pork at butchering time is by an arrangement something like a well sweep. A forked or notched post is firmly set in the ground beside the platform where the

hogs are to be scaped. The bottom of the notch or fork should be about six feet from the ground. In this must lie a long, heavy pole, notched to keep it from slipping. At the end of the post, four slings are attached to the post, the butt cut a deep chip to catch and hold the gambrel. All this is quickly done, and often answers as well as a windlass, for the heaviest hog can be hung up with ease by raising the long end and slipping the short, notched end under the gambrel stick. Where more than one hog is to be raised more levers will have to be provided, unless the pork can be lowered on to a stationary pole, as the pork must remain suspended awhile to cool.

Cutting Off the Combs.

It has long been a practice among game breeders to cut off the combs and wattles of males. It is not believed to be a cruel process, but of that we are not sure, as the removal of any portion of the body is attended with pain to a certain extent. Leghorn breeders are considering the advisability of cutting off the combs in order to avoid the effects of the frost in winter, which cuts off the combs slowly and painfully. The one is done quickly and the other is slow torture. It is not safe to cut off the combs and wattles of old birds, as they bleed very profusely. Young birds (males and females) may be "dubbed" when four months old, or as soon as the comb is well developed. Use a sharp razor or a very sharp knife will answer. Cut off the wattles first and then the comb, and bathe the parts with cold water. The solution of ammonia should be as strong as possible, and the parts well saturated with it. Our advice is not to cut at all if it can be avoided, and subject the large comb breeds only to the process.—Farm and Fireside.

An Itch Wins.

While bee-keepers in the North are agitating for legislation against the spraying of fruit trees with arsenites during the blossoming season as a protection against fruit-injuring insects, sportsmen at the South appear to have an equally valid cause for legislation against the use of paris green by cotton-planters for the destruction of the cotton worm. Complaints come from many quarters that the liberal use of this arsenite has been playing havoc with the game birds, which fed upon the poisoned worms, of which they are very fond. Partridges and prairie chickens, which were very numerous in many regions, have, it is said, been nearly all destroyed. Whole flocks having been found dead in many places. There is danger that unless the worms are saved from the poison the sportsman's occupation will soon be gone in wide areas. Just as it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, it's a good wind that blows nobody ill.

NEW NOTES OF INTEREST.

The girls of Alaska are ready for society as soon as they reach their teens. At least ten of the large cities of the country are going to hold chrysanthemum exhibitions.

A BRUNNET anti-saloon law has gone into effect in St. Louis. It prohibits chairs, tables, cards, dice, music and musical instruments in all saloons.

LARGE deposits of excellent hard coal have recently been discovered in Alaska and on some of the coast islands. The quantity is believed to be practically inexhaustible.

The new jury law in New York City has already netted nearly \$100,000 for the treasury. There are no allowances made nowadays; if the jurymen does not present himself he is fined \$250, and it is remorselessly collected at once.

A NEW invention is the "waterphone." This is an instrument shaped like an ordinary iron rod, which, when placed on a stopcock, will convey the sound to the ear in case the water is running. In this way it can be determined whether or not the water is shut off in a house without entering the house.

THERE is reason to believe that anarchy is on the wane, as seems to be shown by the fact that the memorial celebration in Chicago in honor of the execution of the bomb-throwers was a tame affair. There was, with one exception, no display of red flags, and the number attending the services in Waldheim Cemetery had fallen off from 5,000 last year to 2,000 on a recent Sunday, and many in this crowd were simply curious spectators.

A MAN of letters, who went West this summer to study the features of the community and isolated life presented between New York and San Francisco and up and down the California coast, was gone for three months, but in that time did not once have to unwrap his bundle of umbrellas, nor put on rubbers or mackintosh. He had his family with him, and out of regard for their comfort, did not travel a single mile by night. He says that for pure comfort this is the best way.

SAYS a prominent New England clergyman who has been visiting in the West: "In the West I find more wealth, more generosity, more enthusiasm and aggressiveness in church work, and believe me, more genuine culture than in the East. But I do miss a historic background. I miss the old. I miss, on the banks of the Mississippi, what one misses who comes from Old England to New England, a good deep stratum of history. There is too much of the humanity or too little humanity for nature."

A WRITER in the Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal, who went to the bottom of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado last winter, says: "I have been all through the Rockies from Montana to Central America and know what a chasm is, but the sight of that abyss took my breath away. From the top to the bottom it is fully six thousand feet. Over a mile below you can see the river tearing through the gorge, but not a sound can be heard, it is so far away. From one bank to the other it is apparently not over a quarter of a mile, but as a matter of fact it is fully nineteen miles."

CATARH.

Catarrah Deafness—Hay Fever—A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and the Eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby Catarrah, Hay Fever and Catarrh Deafness are permanently cured in from one to three applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage by A. H. Dixon & Son, cor. of John and King Streets, Toronto, Canada.—Chicago Advertiser.

Sufferers from Catarrh troubles should carefully read the above.

It takes us half our lives to learn that mankind are fools; and the other half to be convinced that we are one of them.—Puck.

YET may sing of the beauty of springtime flowers, and the beauty of the sea, and the beauty of a beautiful day, and the beauty of a beautiful night, and the beauty of a beautiful world, and the beauty of a beautiful life, and the beauty of a beautiful death, and the beauty of a beautiful resurrection, and the beauty of a beautiful heaven, and the beauty of a beautiful hell, and the beauty of a beautiful universe, and the beauty of a beautiful God, and the beauty of a beautiful Christ, and the beauty of a beautiful Holy Spirit, and the beauty of a beautiful Church, and the beauty of a beautiful world, and the beauty of a beautiful life, and the beauty of a beautiful death, and the beauty of a beautiful resurrection, and the beauty of a beautiful heaven, and the beauty of a beautiful hell, and the beauty of a beautiful universe, and the beauty of a beautiful God, and the beauty of a beautiful Christ, and the beauty of a beautiful Holy Spirit, and the beauty of a beautiful Church, and the 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